

THE COMMUNICATOR

March 12, 2010

Dedicated to Informative Excellence

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BCC Graduate Wins Alumna Prize Fellowship for Harvard Ph.D. Program

Bronx Community College graduate Easter Z. Wood received a phone call recently with special news. She learned she had been accepted to Harvard University with a full five-year prize fellowship, valued at over \$200,000, in the African and African American Studies Department's (AAAS) Ph.D. Program.

Wood, BCC's valedictorian as a psychology major in 2006, studied in the CUNY BA Program for Unique and Interdisciplinary Studies, which allows students to take courses at any City University of New York (CUNY) four-year college. She took courses at City College of New York (CCNY), Hunter and Baruch Colleges as she progressed towards her undergraduate degree, which she obtained in 2008. Currently, she appears in a CUNY BA ad posted on MTA buses. This February, she was awarded her master's degree in history with a focus on the African Diaspora at the City College of New York where she was a NY Life Graduate Fellow at the Colin Powell Center for Policy Studies.

"Actually, I received two calls about being accepted to Harvard and being selected for the fellowship. One came from the director of graduate studies of Harvard's AAAS Department and one from the chair of the Department. I maintained my cool as I heard them tell me that I had been accepted. It was only when I put the phone down that I let loose. I shouted," said Wood, who currently works as a program assistant in the Office of Student Life and is generally quiet and thoughtful as she goes about her work helping develop and implement activities for BCC students.



She shared that she is thrilled and very excited, but a little sad because she won't be able to spend time everyday with her best friend, her Mom, Professor Ellen Hoist, director of Bronx Community College's Licensed

Practical Nursing Program.

Looking back to 2003 when she first enrolled at BCC, Wood said, "My experience here has given me a wonderful, solid foundation for the rest of my higher education career." One summer at BCC, she traveled to Ghana to participate in a Study and Travel Opportunities for CUNY Students (STOCS) program. Twice she participated in the Salzburg Global Seminar's International Study Program (ISP) in Salzburg, Austria, first as a student and then as an intern.

"Education is extremely important," said Wood. "I have held onto my dream of going to Harvard and I've tried to be steadfast, dedicated and serious about what I wanted to do and then -- I went out and did it.

"Education is a key that unlocks many doors. Even if you go on to do something and it doesn't use your degree, your education is still that key in your pocket that will help you unlock a door to something else," said Wood, who remembered when she was younger she had a series of career aspirations. In different phases of her life, she wanted to be a surgeon, a meteorologist, a visual artist, and poet. Studying history, she said, will allow her to look at the different and important events that have taken place over time in many of those areas.

Now, Wood stated her career aspiration is to become a professor, researcher and writer. "I take pride in telling students that if you go to BCC and do well you can go anywhere. But, as I have learned, it takes sacrifice, time and energy. Nothing worth having comes without sacrifice."

A Special Evening for Black History Month

By William Murray

On the evening of Wednesday May 5, 2010, Colston Hall's Lower Level was made archival by the African American Heritage Museum of Southern New Jersey's traveling exhibit. Showcased in the vestibule were paintings of historical figures like Malcolm X and portraits of amazing singers such as Billie Holiday and Marian Anderson. There were also lithographs of athletes, books, commemorative plates and controversial vintage pieces like the original McCoy Pottery ceramic, a mammy archetype cookie jar. Altogether, the memorabilia evoked a sense of great determination of African Americans who has overcome slavery and faced racial terrorism and prejudice. Docents and a curator acquainted students with the history of each keepsake, and momentarily, those which featured civil rights leader, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

This event marked Bronx Community College's 6th Annual Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Celebration and Reception with sponsorships from the Office of Student Life, The Inter-Organizational Council, the Student

Government Association (SGA) and student fees. The event has presided over by Easter Z. Wood, a graduate of BCC who recently received a five-year fellowship at Harvard University (see story above) to develop her academic work in their African and African American Studies Department (AAAS). Easter introduced President Carolyn G. Williams who gave everyone her hallmark warm welcome, followed by SGA President Margaret Rodriguez, who read an inspirational poem about Dr. King. Mr. Manny Lopez, Assistant Director of the Office of Student Life presented Mr. Philip Alfonso Berry, Vice Chairperson of CUNY Board of Trustees, who gave the keynote speech. Mr. Berry spoke about our foothold as individuals at the riverside whose currents are the figurative state of affairs in our community. He pointed out that we need but a single tread upon some bank of earth, just enough to pull others from the currents. This means that we all need to do our part as active citizens; we must simply take a role in the community from the outset.

Brittany Lanzano and I were recipients of the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. "Starting the Legacy Award," presented to us by SGA's Legal Legislator, Charles Harding. In honor of our commitment to service to BCC, we were also received Sony Readers (digital books). Ralph Hunter spoke reflectively on the import of the African American Heritage Museum as its founder, and BCC's new Vice President of Student Affairs and Enrollment Management, Dr. Peter Barbatis offered his views on the evening's event.

The event culminated with me singing India Arie's "India's Song." With its personal lyrics and refrain, the song left me with a special sensation, like lineal angels hovering as we broke our fast: "I want to go where the mountains are high enough to echo my song, I want to where the rivers run deep enough to drown my shame, I want to go where the stars shine bright enough to show me the way, I want to go where the wind calls my name"



Philip A. Berry, Vice Chairperson of the CUNY Board of Trustees, hostess Easter Z. Wood, BCC President Carolyn G. Williams, and Student Government Legal Legislator Charles Harding congratulate students William Murray (fourth from left) and Brittany Lanzano (right) on their receipt of the Fourth Annual "Starting the Legacy" Award.

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The Communicator Editorial Policy and Disclaimer

The Communicator urges students to submit articles and editorials to the newspaper. We also encourage students to respond to the articles and editorials found in this newspaper.

The views expressed in by-lined articles and in published letters are solely those of the writer, and they do not necessarily represent the view of *The Communicator*.

We reserve the right to edit any article or letter submitted due to space considerations.

We reserve the right to refuse publication to any article or letter due to space considerations as well as those articles or letters deemed inappropriate because of profane language, non-verification problems, or slander.

No article or letter will be published unless the author submits his or her name, email address, and telephone number.

Please submit all articles and letters to the following email address:
rowanandrewdavid@aol.com.

Notes:

No Word submissions will be accepted that are saved in Word 2007. Please save and submit in an earlier version.

JPEGs must be submitted as email attachments and should not be embedded in the Word copy.

The Communicator

If you are interested in having an article, editorial, letter or announcement included in *The Communicator*, it must be received by the following dates:

Deadlines

April
Monday, March 22, 2010

May
Thursday, April 22, 2010

Please note that *The Communicator* reserves the right to refuse publication of any submission due to space considerations or if the submission is deemed inappropriate because of profane language, verification problems, and/or slander.

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BCC Secondhand Smoke Program Fulfills Commitment to Smoking Community

From the Co-sponsors of the Program

Department of Health, Physical Education, and Wellness

Office of Health Services

Professional Staff Congress— BCC Chapter

Student Government Association

Per the request of the College Smoking Community, two outdoor smoking areas with protective overhanging structures have been designated with appropriate signage as follows:

1. Upper south side plaza of Meister Hall with ashtray, tables, and benches.
2. West side of Meister Hall with ashtray, table, and benches.

Both areas are centrally located within the campus and provide adequate protection from the upcoming challenging winter months. The areas also provide an environment that can accommodate numerous smokers.

Please remember that the *Friendly Reminder Approach* is implemented for the purpose of creating a program of fairness for both the non-smoking and smoking community members of the college. The program is working because of the support of the BCC Administration and the compliance of the majority of the smoking community.

Once again, thank you for your continued help in making this program a success!

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Campus News

Dear Student Body

Have you ever been assigned an essay or research paper? What's the first thing you do? Walk on over to Meister Hall and go to the library soon as you arrive you quickly find out that it seems that you weren't the only one with that idea. So after that you head for the elevator to go the computer lab you get off on the second floor turn to your left walk over and are greeted by a sign that reads class in session. So you walk are the corner to the other two labs on that floor the find once again class in session. This pattern is repeated over and over floor after floor building after building all over the campus until finally your left disappointed, discouraged and downright disgusted. If this has ever happened to you then much like me you're your left with three questions 1. How is this possible? 2. What's being done to fix this? 3. What is my Technology Fee money paying for?

First, I will answer question number one. Over the last couple of years our student population has grown from 10,000 to well over 15,000. That's an increase of well over 5,000 new students to a campus that was already packed with the 10,000 it already had. At this point in the article you're probably asking yourself why the college would accept 5,000 new students when it barely had room for the 10,000 it already had. The answer to your question is very simple money. Every year the school receives an allotment of budget funds from the state .The way the state determines the amount of that allotment of funds the school receives depends on the schools number of full time students per capita that the school has enrolled. What per capita means is if you are a part time student the state takes you and another part-time student and combines you to make one full-time student. So although it may not seem not seem smart to allow more students to enroll into the college then we have room for. If BCC decided to turn away students looking to enroll at BCC, we would not only be denying a new student a college education. They would be also hurting BCC financially as well. The end result of this rapid growth in the student population is we have for bigger classes and more students then we have space to teach them in. so to create space for theses new students more classes are being taught in the computer labs at all times throughout the day.

Now for what's being done to fix this problem? BCC has begun shortening the new enrollment period as

well as the late registration deadline. In what was surely a very unpopular decision with parents in the community? Bronx Community College has opted to relocate the high school and its many high school students to a new facility off the BCC campus as well as the many trade programs that the college offers. These decisions were met with great opposition but were done with the needs and wants of the BCC students being put first. Also for the first time in 50 years BCC has added a new learning facility to its historic campus: the North Instructional Building which will be located at the Hall of Fame gate. This facility will have smart classrooms that will hold up to 50 students at one time. They will be equipped with Wi-Fi and all the latest technology available to insure that students at BCC receive the best education you can find at any other community college in the CUNY system. Recently, I attended a Technology Fee Committee meeting where I addressed the question of over unavailable computer labs. I was informed that there four academic computer labs located on campus that are reserved only for student use. Theses labs are located at the following: Loew Hall 320, New Hall 23, Gould Annex 107, and Meister 329. You can find the times these labs are available for you on the school website at www.bcc.cuny.edu/academiccomputing.

Finally, this is a question I have heard students ask more than any other since I have been a member of student government. What is my tech fees money paying for? As most students know your technology fees pay for the use of the computers and printers library and the many labs on campus. But how many of you know what else it's used for? Such as the funding of your many clubs which are run by the Inter – Organizational Counsel and their events on campus throughout the campus. How about the Office of Student Life and their many events such as Freshman Convocation, New Student Orientation, The Poets Lounge, and, most recently, their Martin Luther King Dinner in March. Or your Student Government Association and the many events we through such as the Go Green Workshops, the Welcome Back and End-of-Semester BBQ, The Halloween Party and the Welcome Back Party, the trips to the many conventions in Albany, New York, such as the Black, Latino & Asian Legislative Caucus and SOMOS just to name a few as well as our yearly SGA Election which begin on the 26th of April and



end the 30th of April of every year. Your tech fee money also will contribute to the new equipment that will be placed in the newly remodeled Roscoe Brown Student Center. The center will have a brand new student lounge, cafeteria, bookstore, and a webcast/ podcast area located in the building. All of these things and more are made possible by the technology fees money that each student at bcc pays as part of their tuition.

Now, I have a question for you? How are you taking advantage of your technology fees money? If the answer to that question is I don't know I'm going to tell you how you can. Take part in your student activates on campus. Join your clubs as many as you have time and interest in. Become an active member of your clubs on campus. Then finally run for Student Government because then you will become part of the governing body that decides who your technology fees money is spent!!!

Respectfully,
Charles M. Harding
BCC SGA Legal Legislator 2009-2010

Drafting: The Surest Way to Get an A

By Andy Newman

Everybody thinks they know someone who can pull off the following trick: start a paper at midnight before it is due, and with just hours to go (and a massive amount of coffee) bang out a five page paper, not only finishing on time, but for a perfect A.

I'd hate to say this, but if you believe that, there is a bridge to Brooklyn that I'd like to sell you. Now, before you give me a hard time for being a big pessimist, I'll admit that weirder things have happened. Like the time 24 people won the lottery because fortune cookies for that day happened to have the winning numbers in them, supposedly. Or the guy who survived two lightning strikes, or somebody else who found a suitcase full of cash in a flowerbed on the Grand Concourse. So yes, I'm sure that *can* happen to someone.

But when it comes to writing term papers, this myth reveals an even bigger misconception that we often have upon arriving at college: that the way you write a paper is just to sit down and do it – even if there is time to write it. That fact is nothing could be further from the truth.

One of the best ways to guarantee a good paper is to *draft*, or simply give yourself the time to write a couple of versions. Before you get worried about how little time you have, you should know that this does not take as long as you think. Contrary to how things might appear, you don't have write two papers.

It turns out that the among the most important “writing skill” actually has nothing to do with writing at

all, but rather in being disciplined enough to make time for a draft. In other words, good writers often know they need some extra time to write anything halfway decent. People often forget that writing papers requires creativity, and creativity requires a sense of perspective and reflection on your own work, even in a subject that you may find dull. Drafting is, after all, important in nearly every creative field: musicians produce demos, artists makes sketches, and actors rehearse.

Simply put, drafting just means starting early enough to where you can relax and write a version that you know isn't perfect. You can concentrate on writing a clear argument, and providing examples to back it up, without worrying about the sentences being perfect or the grammar being correct.

Then, once the early version – this first draft—is done, take a day or two to clear your mind and look at it again with fresh eyes. This time go back over it, reading it sentence by sentence for mistakes. Think about whether anyone else but you can understand it (and consider letting a friend, writing tutor, or writing fellow see it) and make a few changes.

Besides doing the reading for your class and making an outline before you begin writing, no other thing can make a paper more likely to receive a good grade. Your professors will certainly notice. In fact, the number one complaint professors often have about student papers is that students give them first drafts without knowing it. Even you think a paper that you write in one version is

great, you might be surprised how different it appears a day or two later. Always take a second look, or if you know someone who is willing, have a friend a read a paper, and then make corrections based on their advice.

A big advantage of Writing Intensive (WI) courses at BCC is that drafting is almost always included in the course. In other words, professors let you turn in a draft and they give you feedback. This is a great way to learn how to draft without worrying about getting a low grade. Learning how to draft is important because in higher level courses, professors will often not say anything about drafting. They *assume* that you already know how to do it and are giving them a polished piece of writing.

Drafting is more than an important skill. For me, it was crucial for getting through school in one piece, academically and emotionally. Not only will your writing be better, but it will often be far less stressful. So if you are procrastinator, the next time you have a paper due, give yourself a break, and do a rough draft early. Not only will you do better on the paper, you might save yourself a headache too.

Andy Newman is one of BCC's six Writing Fellows (CUNY Graduate Center students who assist with Writing Across the Curriculum at BCC). For information on how writing fellows can assist students and faculty, especially in Writing Intensive courses, visit us online at: <http://www.bcc.cuny.edu/WAC/>. Also, for assistance from writing tutors, visit BCC's Writing Center.

THE COMMUNICATOR
Submission Insertion Dates
Spring 2010

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DEADLINES
APRIL
Monday, March 22, 2010
MAY
Thursday, April 22, 2010

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Campus News

AMG Club Makes Mark at BCC By Luis Zeno Jr. & Autumn Fore

The Anime Manga Gaming Club (AMG Club) is one of the exciting clubs at Bronx Community College. Each Thursday, the AMG Club holds meetings in 310B Bliss Hall to discuss important events, both within the CUNY colleges and outside of CUNY colleges – as well as engaging in weekly activities inside the club such as anime screening or playing video games. One event that the AMG Club holds is the K.O. Tournament which has been going on for four semesters. Each semester, the club throws out a college-wide video game tournament which simply consists of fighting games, mostly recent releases. The winner of each video game tournament receives a gift card prize of \$50 dollars to Barnes and Noble. The K.O. tournament not only invites every student from CUNY colleges, but also adults, teenagers, and children from outside the college in hopes for glory. Some of the participants from last fall’s event had the following to say:

Former President Gil Khan: “This year a lot of people are playing Smash Bros. It seems to be a lot more popular this year despite Tekken being the newer game.”

Julio Guadalupe (Tekken 6 Champ): “Good tournament, things could have been a little better, less hectic maybe. But overall the tournament was well organized but they could have been a little clearer on the rules and the time the tournament started. Regardless, it was a good experience, and it’s great connecting with students from other colleges.”

Eric Arroyo (Street Fighter 4 Champ), non-student participant: “Pretty good turnout, I didn’t expect any high-level play but it was better than I expected. The tournament was pretty fun.”

Raymond Hemphill (Super Smash Bros. Brawl Champ), non-student participant: “I’ve been to a lot of tournaments so this one wasn’t what I usually experience – but it was fun.”



Kinshasa Madison: “It’s good, but every now and then the projector will make it hard to play the game properly.”

Jason Flores: “It’s great, has a variety of games for everyone, and it’s well organized.”

Jamar Sumter (non-student): “Awesome, I love the games they have, though I feel cheated.”

Yelso Yanez: “I think it’s awesome and the college should allow more of this activity.”

Joshua Edwards: “I think it’s great; I wish they had more.”

This semester the AMG Club is going for a new direction in video gaming. The club has announced they will hold a video game expo, but promises to hold four different

video game tournaments in the expo. The club wants to excel the gaming event by giving the students, staff, and participants what they have been asking for from the earlier video-game events. Along with the four prize events, the AMG Club will also have several games that participants and visitors can play for fun. The club feels that this gaming event this semester is the biggest event they have ever thrown due to the number of games that have been announced, but feel it will be one of the most successful events of all.

The AMG Club Video Game Expo will take place April 2, 2010 in the lower level of Colston Hall from 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM.

Not on Our Backs! By Sasha Murphy

Slowly but surely, the economic crisis is beginning to be felt far and wide across our class. Last year, news reports revealed that 1.25 million people had lost their jobs in layoffs in a period of three months alone. Also there were news reports that unemployment claims keep going through the roof, with 4.1 million collecting. That is a 15-year high and still counting. And that does not include the permanent crisis those in our communities that have given up looking for work or cannot collect benefits at all. It is not just those with jobs that are beginning to feel the heat. Last year Gov. David Patterson announced budget cuts of over \$5 billion over the next two years. Everyone is going to be hit. Education, health care, state budgets all face the knife.

The deep cuts in the funding for social programs, education and attacks on social services in general are mirrored by the increased war expenditures. The living conditions for workers in the United States are declining. Workers are experiencing less access to health care, education, housing and food. Public schools are underfunded, and college is becoming increasingly unaffordable. The major increase in Pentagon spending during Bush’s reign has been to maintain the illegal occupations of Afghanistan and Iraq.

The occupation of Afghanistan has cost \$97 billion, and Iraq has cost \$379 billion. The Iraq war is costing U.S. taxpayers about \$2.1 billion every week. This equals around \$12.5 million each hour. The colonial occupation of Iraq has destroyed the country’s infrastructure and killed well over 100,000 people. With the money spent to maintain the occupation, the U.S. government could have built 2,978,373 new housing units, hired 5,732,479 new public school teachers for one year and given 198,072,693 children health insurance for a year.

March 20TH is the seventh anniversary of the criminal war of aggression launched by President George W. Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney against Iraq. One million or more Iraqis have died. Tens of thousands of U.S. troops have lost their lives or been maimed, and

continue to suffer a whole host of enduring problems from this terrible war. Bush is gone, but the war and occupation in Iraq still go on. The Pentagon is demanding a widening of the war in Afghanistan. They project an endless war with shifting battlefields. And a “single-payer” war budget that only grows larger and larger each year. We must act. Both the Iraq and Afghanistan wars were predicated on the imperial fantasy that the U.S. could create stable, proxy colonial-type governments in both countries. They were to serve as an extension of “American” power in these strategic and resource-rich regions.

That fantasy has been destroyed. Now, U.S. troops are being sent to kill or be killed so that the politicians in uniform (“the generals and admirals”) and those in three-piece suits (“our elected officials”) can avoid taking responsibility for a military setback in wars that should have never been started. Their military ambitions are now reduced to avoiding the *appearance* of defeat. That is exactly what happened in Vietnam! Avoiding defeat, or the perception of defeat, was the goal Nixon and Kissinger set for themselves when they took office in 1969. For this noble cause, another 30,000 young GIs perished before the inevitable troop pullout from Vietnam in 1973. The number of Vietnamese killed between 1969 and 1973 was greater by many hundreds of thousands.

All of us can make the difference — progress and change comes from the streets and from the grassroots. The people went to the polls in 2008, and the enthusiasm and desire for change after eight years of the Bush regime was the dominant cause that led to election of a big Democratic Party majority in both Houses of Congress and the election of Barack Obama to the White House. But it should now be obvious to all that waiting for politicians to bring real change — on any front — is simply a prescription for passivity by progressives and an invitation to the array of corporate interests from military contractors to the banks, to big oil, to the health insurance giants that dominate the political life of the country. These corporate interests work around the clock to frustrate efforts for real change, and they are the guiding hand

behind the recent street mobilizations of the ultra-right. It is up to us to act. If people had waited for politicians to do the right thing, there would have never been a Civil Rights Act, or unions, women’s rights, an end to the Vietnam War or any of the profound social achievements and basic rights that people cherish.

It is time to be back in the streets. Organizing centers are being set up in cities and towns throughout the country. We will march together to say “No Colonial-type Wars and Occupations in Afghanistan, Iraq, Palestine!” We will march together to say “No War Against Iran!” We will march together to say “No War for Empire Anywhere!”

Instead of war, we will demand funds so that every person can have a job, free and universal health care, decent schools, and affordable housing. **No tuition hikes! Not on our backs!**

Join us; contact the A.N.S.W.E.R. club to get involved: President, Sasha Murphy, 347-445-2144; Academic Advisor, Andrew McInerney, 718-289-5406.

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Recurring Features From the Faculty



Health and Fitness with Dr. Wayne *Developing a Personal Fitness Plan*

1. Set Goals

Setting goals to reach through exercise is a crucial first step. Ask yourself, “What do I want from my fitness program?” Develop long term goals which might include things like lowering your risk of developing a chronic disease, having more energy, and improving the fit of your clothes. Short term goals might include reducing the time it takes you to run 2 miles, increasing the number of push ups or weight you can lift, and lowering you BMI from 26 to 24.5.

You will find it easier if you choose goals that are both important and realistic. Remember that heredity, your current fitness level, and other individual factors influence the amount and the rate of improvement and the ultimate level of fitness you can expect to obtain through physical training. Fitness improves most quickly in the first 6 months. Fitness gains after that usually come more slowly and at a higher rate of intensity.

Set a Target: Frequency, Intensity and Time (Duration) for Each Activity.

2. Cardiorespiratory Endurance Exercise

An appropriate frequency for cardiovascular endurance exercise is 3-5 times per week. However, more recent standards by the CDC suggest 30 minutes of Cardiorespiratory / aerobic exercise almost daily. Our training intensity is usually between 60% and 90% of our maximum heart which is called our target heart rate zone.

3. Muscular Strength and Endurance Training

A frequency of 2-3 day per week for strength training is recommended. General strength programs recommend 1 or more sets of 8-12 repetitions of 8-10 exercises that work all the major muscle groups. Intensity is generally 75% of your 1 RM.

4. Flexibility Training

Stretches should be performed when muscles are warmed at least 2-3 days per week although 5-7 days a week are ideal. Each stretch is held to mild discomfort (Intensity) for 15-30 seconds and do 2-4 sets of each exercise.

If you have any questions or comments, please email me at: Wellness4all@yahoo.com

Be well.

Dr. Wayne

Health, Physical Education and Wellness



BCC Students at Risk *By Dorothy Muller, RN*

A college cafeteria mirrors the students’ taste and also their pocketbooks. Vendors are in it for profit therefore they offer the food that sells. Yet, as you go from one campus to another the food choices vary dramatically. Cost, cultural, and regional differences all play a part in what foods are offered.

The cliché that you can’t be too thin or too rich has some validity for the lower your economic status, the larger your waistline. Is money the prime factor? Is it too expensive to eat wisely and well? Is this the reason we see more obesity among young Blacks and Hispanics? Let us further explore this premise by looking at the students of an urban community college.

The Bronx Community College student body’s ethnic and racial composition is 97% African American and Latina / Latino. The students have a per capita income that is one of the lowest in the nation. The average age is 28 and over 60% are women. Of those women a significant number are single parents. Many are the first in their family to seek education at the secondary level. The majority will need remedial classes and 57% are enrolled in English as a Second Language (ESL) classes.

The cafeteria is centrally located, usually quite crowded and the prices are reasonable. The menu includes a variety of fish, chicken, beef, rice, and pasta dishes. All reasonable choices if prepared with an eye towards nutrition and health, yet heavy sauces are added to most and pasta is usually laden with cheese or meat. You seldom see broiled food and most vegetables are lifeless unless fatty sauces are added. On the fast food counter, you find the usual French fries, onion rings, hamburgers, cheeseburgers, and pizzas. Subway sandwiches have recently been added to the mix. The salad bar looks somewhat neglected with a tired bowl of fruit seemingly an afterthought. As if our arteries are not in enough peril with these selections, the usual potato chips, ring dings, candies, and sodas, are made available at the check-out counter. A recent acquisition was a cappuccino machine with different flavors. I hazard to guess the calorie count of that culinary delight. We have no low-fat yogurt or ice cream dispensers.

None of this sounds too nefarious. After all, these are active young college students and they can handle a few extra calories. Wrong! According to extrapolated data from physicals submitted to the Health Services Office, a significant number of our students are overweight and some are morbidly obese. Physical exams records {769} submitted in the Spring of 2003 indicated that 135 students were overweight, and 148 students were considered obese according to guidelines established by the American Diabetes Association. In addition, a significant number of our students have a diagnosis of hypertension {26}, {6} had insulin dependent diabetes, {3}

had coronary artery disease and {5} had elevated cholesterol. This does not take into consideration that many students with a genetic predisposition to these diseases and a host of others can be exacerbated by obesity e.g. Asthma {34}.

According to a CDC [Centers for Disease Control] report, your weight has an impact, not only on diabetes and hypertension, but on many cancers, heart diseases, respiratory diseases, and it is a contributing factor in the increase in maternal death among minorities. Last but not least, poor body image and self esteem are adversely impacted.

Obesity has become America’s new plague. Mortality rates from obesity now surpass tobacco use. It is quite reminiscent of the beginning stages of the war on tobacco. We are bombarded daily with the latest statistics and the dire results of population overweight in record numbers by record amounts. The latest prediction, if true, is deplorable. According to the CDC, one out of three children born in 2000, are at risk of developing diabetes. The odds are worse for Black and Hispanic children whereby nearly half will develop the disease unless eating habits change and exercise replaces the sedentary life styles brought on by modern technology.

Obesity is no longer a personal problem, it is now of epidemiological proportions and new initiatives and tactics are needed to address it. Education, is that the answer? Certainly, it is an important component nonetheless the biggest task we face is unlearning. Food is very sensual, it gives us pleasure, and the gratification is immediate. What can be better than potato chips, a ring-ding or a Big Mac with a double order of French fries? Nonetheless, Pavlovian law dictates that ‘behavior can be unlearned’. The option of choosing foods that actually pleases our senses without imperiling our health is the answer, and it can be done with some imagination. Over a time, if tasty but healthy food is made available, the pain of pleasure deprivation so often felt with dieting, is removed. Therefore, when that old hunger bell rings the door with the Big Mac and fries, it is not the only choice.

Recently, a lawsuit was filed against McDonald’s. The plaintiff’s contention was that their morbid obesity was caused by the food served at this fast food chain. A bit ridiculous, yet it did get the corporate world’s attention. Financial pages are now reporting more and more planned menu changes in these fast food chains. Our world has changed so dramatically that eating out has become not a treat, but too often a necessity. In addition to fast food restaurants, school cafeterias are being looked at. What are we serving our children? Are federally subsidized programs somewhat culpable for the increasing weight gains in our young people?

If changes are to be made, we must focus on where the food is served. The school cafeteria of Bronx Community College is a perfect example. Our students have a very busy schedule. Many of them work and/or have children. They

have no choice but to use our cafeteria. When I questioned the unhealthy food choices I was told this is what they want and this is what we give them.

The attitude does not reflect the mission of CUNY. As educators we are aware that learning is not only done in the classroom. Our cafeterias can and should reflect what is best for our students to maintain healthy lifestyles. In the past, changing vendors accomplished little for their bottom line was profit, so the food served remained basically the same.

How to prepare and present healthy and tasty food on a limited budget is not easy, but it can be done. More and more private schools have brought in culinary experts and nutritionists to bring about changes without sacrificing taste. As a nutritionist could guide us with the scientific aspect of healthy food choices, a culinary expert can provide us with the artistry.

In addition to its prime purpose and being a convenient place to eat, our cafeteria would be a learning center. Many of our students are parents and if they change their eating habits their family will follow suit. They should know what they are eating and what they are feeding their children. They should be made aware of the calories, fat content, carbohydrates, and proteins in all the food we serve them.

One of the more popular venues on TV is cooking shows. Why not bring this to our campus. We could offer cooking demonstrations on a regular basis handing out written recipes. At Bronx Community College we offer students low cost food through SHARE, a food coop community service. Monthly cooking demonstrations with recipes using this food would promote this worth-while program. Sounds costly but once established, this program can work for very little. Working with nutrition and culinary consultants, the food offered will soon taste so good and look so good that the students need not know that it is also nutritious and healthy. The cafeteria management will also be happy for it will remain profitable.

Promoting changes in our eating habits without mention of the need to exercise will not change the obesity problem in America. The campus has a swimming pool and a well equipped gym. The students should be encouraged to make use of these facilities. The cafeteria is an excellent arena for demonstrations and yoga techniques, Tai Chi, aerobics and/or dance exercises. We have all the space and these demos by our faculty could be an excellent inducement to these classes or at least take advantage of the pool or gym.

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A Journey to Awareness and Self-discovery

By Clara Fernandez

I was born in a place that most people around the world would refer to as a piece of paradise, heaven on earth! Indeed my country, the Dominican Republic, is a beautiful and one of a kind place in the world. In the small Caribbean island where the country is located is summer all year long, and people, for one reason or the other, seem to always have a smile on their faces. I am my parents' youngest child and their only girl; I have two older brothers who both live back in the Dominican Republic as do my parents. My parents are very loving, but they have always been very strict with me and my brothers about one thing, education. I went to elementary, middle, junior, and high school in the Dominican Republic, and although the education system in the Dominican Republic is reasonably good, it still has its weaknesses. I grew up learning about science, literature, art, mathematics, and social sciences. Through middle and high school I learned about world history as well; however, the history I was taught was an incomplete history as it often felt as if we were being told half the truth in the classroom, but I would only realize how partial this history truly was as I became older.

Trujillo: Sinner Or Saint?

As I was growing up, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina was a name that I would constantly hear both in and out of the classrooms. The best way to depict how Trujillo first got caught in my head will be by going back in time and remembering the quality time I used to spend with my grandfather at his house. For one reason or the other, if I ever thought Trujillo was someone somewhat important and worth remembering throughout my childhood, it was just because he was someone my grandfather would talk about, and that gave him some kind of distinction. When my grandfather was alive, every Sunday, which was the day of the week when I usually visited him, he used to sit down with me on his lap in his front porch, with a mango in one hand and a knife to peel it in the other, and he would tell me stories about the time when he was in the Dominican Republic's militia. I remember he would tell me that he used to work for Trujillo and that he basically saw him every day, for he worked at the Palacio Nacional or national palace, which in the Dominican Republic is the equivalent to the White House. He would talk about what a unique character this man was, although he seemed to be an aggressive and proud man, it appeared that he cared about the people who surrounded him. He gave my grandfather the house where



it could actually end up being. When I think about it now I believe that he wasn't proud nor did he resent Trujillo, he was just indifferent to him and all his despicable evil acts.

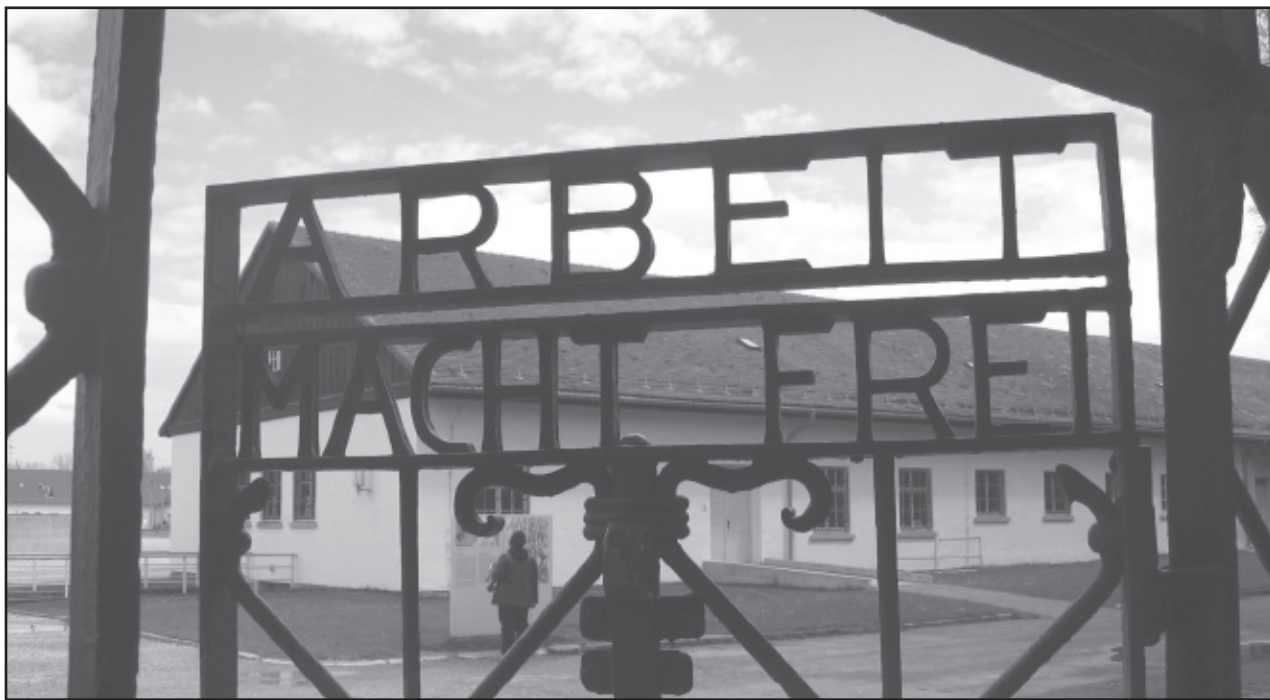
When I was in 7th grade, we started to speak about Trujillo's tyranny in class and to discuss how this affected not only our country but also the neighboring country of Haiti, and it was then that I began to have a better perception and understanding of who he was and what he did to us as a nation. Trujillo's terror and hatred affected the Dominican Republic as well as Haiti as his totalitarian form of government was bloody and merciless. Although he seemed to be a cynical cold blooded man, it must be said that he did do some good for the country by improving in general the quality of life for the average Dominican citizen, completely paying off all the foreign debt which at the time was incredibly substantial, and he was able to keep the currency stable. Despite the fact that there was still poverty, the economy grew. However, it appears to be that all the "good" he did came with a price to pay, and in this case, the people to pay the price would be targeted by their skin color and their political views. It is said that even though Trujillo was of mixed decent, he envisioned a Dominican Republic free of black people as he dreamt of a country of "white individuals," a thing that

to teach us that something so atrocious could only be done by the orders of a horrible, vicious, and insensitive man as Trujillo; but I find it quite ironic how they failed to teach us that around the same time he was staining our flag and country with innocent people's blood, there was another sinister man in a distant country who was doing things just as terrible as he was. We were taught that the massive killing of Haitians, and of many Dominican radicals, was an awful, cruel, unfortunate event that should have never happened. However, it was never implied, not even in the slightest way, that something so awful could ever happen again. Yet, it saddens me to say that almost eighty years later the deliberate and systematic destruction of given ethnic, racial, religious, and national groups keeps to happening, as genocide is not a subject of the past as it still hunts us in the present.

Nothing To Do With Chance

As time went by I began to realize how I had been living within a small and very square box for such a long time, but now, many years later and with my high school days far behind me, it could be by fate-for I know it definitely has nothing to do with chance-that I am here in this place, a place I never thought, not even in my wildest dreams, I would ever have the chance to see with my very own eyes. As I am thinking about how I got here I hear my alarm clock ring loudly notifying me, with its earsplitting sound, that it is time to wake up. I know that I have to wake up, stretch my muscles a little, and get up from bed because I have ahead of me what promises to be a day where the unexpected can be expected and the impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever since we got here it has been almost unfeasible for me to catch some sleep and get some good rest. I was told that this week long trip to Salzburg, Austria, was going to be an intense, time-consuming, challenging week and indeed it has been all that and more.

My alarm sounds, once and then twice and even though I know I have to, I do not want to wake up. It seems as if the sweet and calming sound that I have set in my alarm clock, to wake me up in a good mood so I can start off my day with a positive attitude towards the world, is now a stinging sound that it's driving me crazy. Nonetheless, I think again about the day that's ahead of me and the thought of it gives me strength to finally get up at once and get myself inside the shower. The thought of this day energizes me not because the day promises to be fun, but because it promises to challenge all the things that I have known about life and history, but more specifically about human nature thus far. Today I feel that my obliviousness and indifference towards life will drastically change. Before heading to the bathroom to take a hot shower to regain my energy, I take a look at the time and realize that I am not as late as I thought I was. I go in and out of the shower, slowly brush my teeth while I stare at my distorted self in the steamed up mirror, comb my hair and get it in a ponytail, and then I start to get dressed. Black denims, a white blazer, and I put my black sneakers on-as I walk out of the bathroom I take a glance out of the window and noticed that it was foggy and rainy outside, thus I decided to wear my sneakers instead of my moccasins. I am sharing the room with a quite charismatic



he lived all his life, until the day he died, the same house where I spent many days of my childhood running in the dusty, reddish soiled backyard, and playing around with my brothers and younger cousins, trying to find out who could climb all the way up the guava tree faster. To me, this was an act of kindness on Trujillo's side and I thought he couldn't possibly be the sinister person I would seldom hear people saying he was. I never heard or learned about the atrocities he committed while he ruled our country for over 30 years, and I think it was because I was rather too young or too naïve to recognize any type of emotion in my grandfather's words or face every time he would speak about him, or to understand the bitter sentiment he left in many Dominicans' hearts. Anything my grandfather would say was extraordinary to me, despite how ordinary

given our historical background, was humanly impossible. To achieve his imagined goal he entailed a great slaughter of the Haitians who had crossed the border of Haiti and the Dominican Republic as he wanted to have absolute control of the border between the two countries.

Trujillo did not only go after the Haitians as he also went after Dominican radicals, people from the left, communists, or any person who did not agree with his policies, and he would have had them first tortured and then killed. These deaths however, were much less in number than the Haitians killed. I fear that perhaps my memory might be betraying me, but I do not bear in mind a moment when I was told back in the Dominican Republic, that the slaughter of the Haitians had a technical name, "Genocide." In the classrooms, teachers made sure

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and energetic woman, however at times I feel that the two of us only meet within the room's walls just by chance or when we need to get some 'sleep.'

Is It Really Shocking?

As I am almost done getting ready the phone rings and it's actually my roommate calling me to tell me to meet her in the Schloss Leopoldskron to have breakfast before we leave for Germany. I hang up the phone, finish getting ready as fast as I can, take my Id with me, and I head downstairs. I meet her in the Schloss and we have breakfast with other members of the seminar who attend different schools than ours, but it is marvelous to see how remarkably well we have bonded. In the dining room we hear the announcement that everyone should go to the seminar room, for David Goldman, the Associate Director of Education of the Salzburg Global Seminar, will give us a brief lecture on the Dachau Concentration Camp Memorial Site before we part. We listen to his words carefully while he points out important information that we should know about the camp and its surroundings. He's telling us about how shocked most people feel when they arrive at the ex-concentration camp, a place that once served as the house of terror for many powerless people, and they feel insulted and outraged to see how today this dreadful place is surrounded by a suburban area where children play, running and screaming with the excitement and joy characteristic of childhood. They are playful and happy, unconscious of what once happened in that place, that for one reason or another, is always crowded with people from all over the world. He also highlights that since this is such a strenuous experience for many people, there are certain quiet areas, including three temples within the camp-one Jewish, one Catholic, and one Russian orthodox- where people can meditate or simply cope with the whole process of visiting the memorial site. The ultimate goal of this lecture is to give us a quick orientation or overview of the camp; it does not have, under any circumstance, the intention of "teaching" us what we will or should see once we are there. How we embrace this place is all up to us and only us. After the lecture is over we all rush to the parking lot to get on the bus as by the end of the lecture David Goldman informed us that we were running late. While we are getting on the bus the always friendly and efficient American intern Liz and Mr. Goldman give each of us a lunch bag and they let us know how important it is for us to hold on to the little brown paper bag because this will be the only food source we will have during the day until we come back to the Schloss.

Now we are on the bus, and everyone is trying to find a good seat-most likely a window seat-to have a pleasant view of the Austrian-German landscape. I am fortunate enough to find a window seat, next to Amadou, a fellow Bronx Community College student. I cannot believe how incredibly anxious, yet excited I am to be on this bus on my way to this concentration camp memorial site which I knew nothing about before coming to Salzburg. I fear I am feeling this way because I believe and must shamefully confess that I spent many years of my life blinded by ignorance. I'm taking pictures of everything that is going on around because I feel the need to record every second of this experience. I take pictures of myself, of Amadou, of the rest of the people on the bus, and of the snowy mountains that surround the bright green pastures. The green grass landscape has taken me under a spell; it's just such a magical thing for me to see. Although there is a lot of noise around me, I fall silent and I go to this quiet place within my head and I start to get lost in my own thoughts. I am thinking about so many things at the same time, that it's extremely hard for me to concretize what's in my mind. When the wheels on the bus stop spinning and the big machine is no longer in motion, I finally come back to reality. I think to myself, this is it, we're finally here! Let's get going!

As we get off the bus I can feel underneath my feet that the soil is damp, most probably because around this area, as well as in Austria, every day is sort of a gray rainy day. Even though we were told that the concentration camp surroundings have now become a residential area, I am still somewhat overwhelmed by this sight. The parking lot is not the usual asphalt parking lot that I am used to see nearly everywhere I go; instead it resembles more to a vacant lot that is used to park cars whenever it's needed. As I keep walking I notice that the grass on the ground is scarce and it barely looks green, it has a rather brownish color. I have to be watchful not to fall in the many puddles of mud and water that are along the pathway to the main entrance. We cross a babbling brook and we finally reach the entrance. We don't reach the main entrance to the



concentration camp itself, but we reach the place where they hand out small radios that function as tour guides. This is such a personal experience, that the Salzburg Global Seminar staff members are not even coming with us, they will be there of course, but we will embrace the camp by ourselves-I never thought that later I'd be thankful to them for allowing us to do that.

After we are given our mini radios, we start walking towards the main entrance, and as we reach it I have a flash back and I remember how back in school we were told to remember that once we were there-in the concentration camp memorial site-we ought to remember that we were going to walk through the same entrance that sixty four years ago many holocaust victims hopelessly walked through, frightened by the thought of knowing that there was only one way in and no way out. Like everyone else I start to take pictures, trying my best to get a great, if not perfect, shot of the wrought iron gate. The place is crowded, especially by a group of Italian high school'ers who appear to be on a field trip. They are loud and oblivious, and I know they would rather be any place else but here. It aggravates me even more to see, as I walk in through the gates, how to them this seems to be more of an amusement park, instead of a memorial site. However, I cannot blame them because I once felt as if the world was trying to keep me ignorant to mankind's cruelty and evilness. There was a time when I was oblivious as well.

It Makes No Sense

Sometimes we are exposed to things that we are neither ready to see nor understand, for they make absolutely no sense to us. I believe this is exactly what it's happening to all these Italian students; they just cannot understand why they are here in the first place if the infamous Holocaust happened so many years ago and there is nothing in their power to change what has already happened. No one can change the past; it's just as simple as that. I just stop paying attention to them because now I have bigger things to worry about. As I am listening to the small radio, I find myself lost within the camp. I am overwhelmed! All the familiar faces of my fellow seminar students are now gone, and all of the sudden it seems that every one set out on their own journey and they have vanished in front of my own eyes. How could have this happened? However, just when I am about to start feeling anxious and agitated, I finally see two familiar faces, my dear friends Julianne and Milton! The three of us decide to do the journey together, for we do not know what is ahead of us. The first building we enter is the building that once functioned as the administration building and as I start to look around its old infrastructure, I find myself trying hard to identify any type of emotion that has been triggered by this place within me, but although I wait and wait nothing happens. At this point we have walked through at least three different rooms and I haven't felt yet the uncontrollable rush of reliving what once happened here; I cannot feel anything, and for this, I am starting to feel concerned as I believe that my lack of emotion cannot be the normal or expected reaction of someone who is experiencing what I am experiencing right now. Nonetheless, despite of the enormous effort I make, this place remains to feel foreign

to me. I delicately take a glance at all the people who keep coming in and out of the rooms, and I do this to see if in their faces I see the emotions that I am yearning to feel myself. I wonder if I am the only person who is not feeling strong and deep emotions and who is punishing herself for it. I wonder if I am the only one who feels detached from this whole scene and who wonders "what am I supposed to be feeling?"

I stop and think that I am worrying too much about what I believe should be happening and I am missing the whole point of the visit, which is to witness with my own eyes that the images of a concentration camp called Dachau that I had before just seeing in black and white pictures are no longer black and white but colored images; that the words I read on the holocaust in history books are not just words but the unique interpretation of many peoples' fate, people who once stood in the same place where I am standing right now; and that the bitter, full of hatred speeches I once heard coming out of a twisted and vicious "leader's" mouth, where not just words that were blown by the wind, but instead were dreadful death sentences. Now I can see, feel, and almost touch the never accurate history with my own bare hands because as I keep walking, what begins to happen to me is almost surreal.

Flashbacks

I don't know how it happened but neither Milton nor Julianne are walking with me anymore and this is when I realize that I am on my own now. I keep walking unaware of what's about to happen to me. As I am looking at old artifacts, folios, and pictures which survived the Nazi era, I see a poster hanging from the roof which is very simple, is a black and white picture of a group of man on roll call. At first it does not hit me, yet for a strange reason I cannot get myself away from this picture; my feet won't move, my legs are not responding me, and my eyes would not stop staring at the image regardless of my colossal effort to get away from it. All of the sudden it hits me. I begin to think about my father, my brothers, my uncles, cousins, my family! I think about all the people that I love and then I think of them, the men in the picture, and of how they had a family who loved them dearly as well. I see in their faces, which were captured and saved on this image for as much as we decide it should be saved, resignation to a fate they did not choose and to a death sentence they do not understand. Even though I am telling myself to put myself together and to control my emotions, tears start to irrepressible drop from my eyes just in the same way the rain is falling from the sky on this gray, rainy day.

All of a sudden I feel a stinging pain in my chest, and I begin to have flashbacks of my childhood. I think about my grandfather and about how much I used to enjoy spending time with him. I remember how I used to play in his backyard which surprisingly resembles quite a lot to the place where I am standing right now. I remember the dry soil and the fruit trees that I would often climb trying to reach their fruits, and the chickens and hens that seemed to be always searching for something to eat on the ground. And how could I forget about his many playful dogs that would throw me to the ground when I would pet them as I was very small and thin, but above all, I remember my

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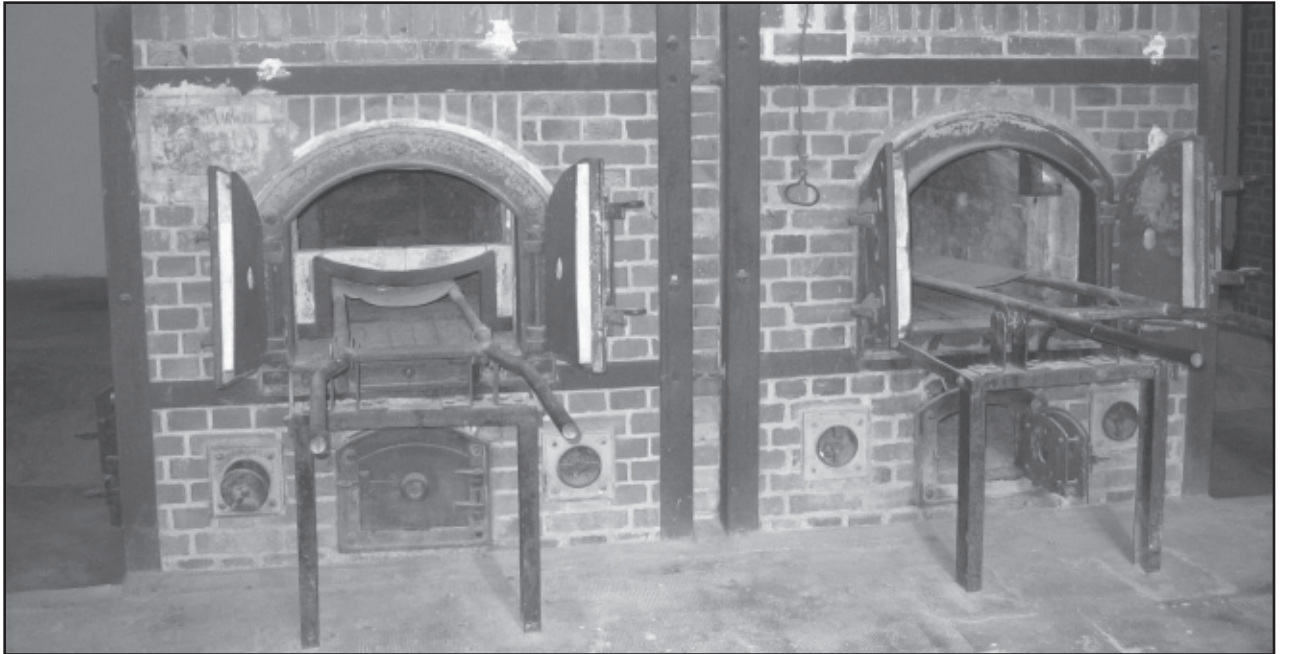


beloved grandfather in every detail. It hurts me to think about how much I miss him now that he is gone and I think about how wish I could bring him back because I miss him too much. I don't think I have ever loved anyone on this planet like I have and always will love my grandfather. While I miss him and I still cannot understand why he had to leave us, I feel lucky that he was around for so long, but most importantly, I think about how blessed my family was to lose him to a natural death and not to a vicious regime that ruined and harmed so many families forever.

Always In My Memory

Although I feel blessed, I know that the plain image of Jewish men on row call, their faces and their tired bodies telling me how they knew there was no hope for them, will always stay in my memory. For the reason that there is nothing plain or simple about an image like this, as to me, an image like this is more powerful than ten massive destruction weapons put together. Unexpectedly, this place has awakened in me feelings of frustration and anger. I feel frustrated because I fear that today we are pretending to live in a dreamed Utopia in an absolute state of denial, and I feel angry because I feel powerless and useless. As I am trying to draw myself away from this image, I see a familiar face that comes to give me some comfort. Milton walks towards me from across the room and he hugs me while I uncontrollably cry on his shoulder. He tells me that it's alright, that it all happened long ago. Even though I know he is saying this in an effort to stop my crying, I know that things today are not and will not be all right. We start to walk away towards the exit of the building since I obviously had enough of this place; now all I need is to get some fresh air and go to a less crowded place where I can deal with all the things I have seen today.

Once we are outside we begin to walk, and we see Professor Andrew Rowan walking around examining



uninformed individual for so long.

Deleting The Pictures: Keeping The Memories

I see Julianne walking to the crematorium and I speed up my feet so I can meet with her. I am amazed about how there is something both beautiful and eerie about this place as it is a magnificent scenery to see as the vegetation is simply striking, and is eerie because one cannot help to draw pictures of the sinister things that used to take place in here. Despite the blend of emotions I am experiencing right now, I stop for a second to think about what a great job the people who run the memorial site have done in preserving this place. As we enter the crematorium and we walk around its different rooms I start to take pictures, but when I come out of the last room the thought of having

I am seated I think about how I am determine to keep my lips sealed and not say a word as I feel this would make the session less excruciating, and at the same time, it gives me the hope that this whole thing will finish faster. David Goldman and two other staff members are monitoring the debriefing session, and as students begin to speak about their earlier experience at the ex-concentration camp, I can see many confused and skeptical faces throughout the room. I hear people say how they expected the experience to be more touching, how they thought the memorial site looked so commercial, like any other museum instead of an ex-concentration camp, or how they simply thought that the memorial site was not what they were thinking it was going to be. There are some people who stand up just because they feel they must say something, even when they are not quiet sure of what exactly they would like to say.

Even though I was determine to stay quiet, all of a sudden, I begin to feel my blood rushing, my heart starts to beat faster, and I feel the need to let what I am feeling out, but at the same time I am afraid that if I do stand up to speak about my experience, my voice will fail me, my feelings will betray me and I will be just too emotional to make any sense. After listening to everyone else's testimonies for minutes, I make the decision to raise my hand regardless of what happens. When David Goldman finally tells me that it's my turn to speak, what I feared would happen, happens, and I get so nervous and anxious that my legs start shaking and I think I will completely lose my voice. However, despite my fear of freezing up in front of everyone, I find the courage I need to stand up as I remember that picture and the faces of those men on role call. Once I am up and I begin to speak, tears start to role down my face and I choke on my voice as I speak, but my message gets through and I feel as if I had lifted a huge weight off my shoulders.

The Catalyst Of Change

That trip to Austria, and especially that trip to Dachau, transformed my life not only at a personal level, but also at an academic and professional level. The spring of 2008 when I left to Austria there was still a naïve and innocent girl within me who believed she had seen almost all there was to see in this world, but that young girl blossomed into a more conscious, responsible and tenacious young woman who's now determine to fight for what she believes is right and who will never give up on the cause of justice and equality. My journey to self-discovery led me to new magnificent paths which have often served me as the venue to become the catalyst of the change I would like to see happening in the today's world. As soon as I returned from Austria I joined, along with my fellow BCC students, the Student World Assembly (SWA), a non-profitable organization that serves as a venue for students from all over the world to network and work on causes they believe are important.

As an SWA member I have been able to contribute with my little sand grain on the cause of bringing awareness, first to our BCC campus, and then to a larger population about many crucial political, economical, and cultural issues that have and still are taking place in many countries around the globe, and that are imperative for each individual on earth to be knowledgeable of since they affect every single one of us, in one way or the other, as we are hastily becoming a global community. The impact one individual can have in the world is often underestimated, but if there's one thing that time has taught me, is that it only takes one person to be and make a change.



the memorial site's sculptures and we decide to join him. It is drizzling and the cold breeze merged with the drizzle has given me the goosebumps, or perhaps it is simply this place. Professor Rowan is usually a very sparkling person, someone who always has a smile on his face; however, today it appears to be that the site has taken away both his distinctive spark and smile. We finally reach Prof. Rowan and Milton begins to share some words with him on how he has been feeling while walking around the memorial site, but when the moment for me to speak about how I've been feeling, the only words that come out of my mouth are "I can't believe it." I know that my life will never be the same after this trip, and I remember how we were told that this was going to be a life-changing experience for all of us, but by no means did I think I would leave this place with such a sturdy pain within my heart. After walking for a while along professor Rowan, Milton, and Julianne, who later joined us, I feel the necessity to walk away from them so I can deal with all the distress I am feeling. I try in vain to enter the few barracks that are left, but I see so many people inside that I lose interest. I slowly begin to walk on the wide pathway that's in the middle of the desolated landscape where many years ago the barracks used to be located, and which leads to the three temples of the memorial site. I enter each one of the temples and I come out with the same feeling of sadness and irritation. I am sad but I am also mad at everyone else, but above all, I am mad at myself for being such an unsympathetic,

pictures of this place makes me sick to my stomach and I decide to delete them all. Now I know for sure that I am more than ready to walk back to bus, for the reason that crying more tears at this point would not be feasible.

I see many people holding their umbrellas open as it has not stopped drizzling, but even though the water is falling and I am getting wet, I cannot feel the water drops as they fall on me. I keep walking indifferent of the people around me and of myself. I never felt before the sensation of being absent from my own body, and right now, that is exactly how I feel. I finally reach the bus and I hasten to get in, and to my surprise, almost everyone is back in ready to return to Salzburg. The ride back is quiet and long. We are all tired and distressed and most of us have the same expression of distrust painted all over our faces. Finally, the bus reaches the gates of the Schloss Leopoldskron and the feeling of being "back home," or at least back to a place that feels less menacing, hostile, and cold, is sort of relieving and comforting. Once we are inside the Salzburg Global Seminar's quarters we are given directions to go to the schloss's lobby where a debriefing session will take place.

Choking On My Voice

I begin to walk slowly to the Schloss and once I am at the door, I quickly enter the room trying to find a good place to sit down. I manage to walk around the room fast enough to find the perfect couch to sit on, and now that

Poetry Corner

The 4 on my way home

Slowly, as we ride uptown,
Complexions tend to darken
Sneakers reappear
While cashmere sweaters vanish
The feel of a hard days work surrounds
Tiring your body as your eyelids shut.
Sleep
I think is the only thing on your mind
besides food...
Immigrant filled carts as
crying babies chorus the metal screech,
Pants sagging down to fresh pair of Jordan’s
can only bring one thought to mind.
New York

Poems by A. De Los Santos

All alone with my pen, in hand

As I sit alone, in a quiet place, I let my pen rock
Pages turning full of aspirations and thoughts of
ambitions
Paragraph the empty spaces on my canvas of art.
Page by Page of frustrations agonize the rhythm
of the pen.
Strokes of broken hearts full of wisdom and pain,
Maybe some of these stories might be the same
Overcoming the rain and struggles not in vain
Allowing the pages to soothe my pain
Using every space on white to enjoy the freedom that
is expression
But in the midst of the gloom
Laughter can be heard through the joy in my language
Expressing ideas and opinions that satisfy my wanderlust.
My only escape from life.....to write about it.

Light over shines dark, Any day

Anyway I choose that light
That light with the purest glow
It unsettles me how the dark appeals
It’s like a friend, a foe
It comforts the soul for moments
Of blind lust and passions
Then frees them into a pool
Of remorse and anguish
God save me, for I have become
Imprisoned in my flesh.
It leads me Lord, at times and
Dumps me in guilt feeling vexed
No Lord don’t let me go out like that
I surrender Lord in depth for I owe you
A lifetime of praise and hours of joy.

Time

By Ibrahim Shaddiq (aka P.O.E.T.)

The greatest of minds have kneeled before time, its also
taken lesser men

Our entire existence is based on this measurement
But what exactly does it measure?

It’s priceless, we can’t comprehend this treasure
Nothing is out of its grasp, never too far to reach it
Time tells all tales and reveals all secrets
It’s less of a friend and more of a foe
Never tell it what you don’t want them to know
Because all things time does show
It can’t be controlled, or contained
Created or sustained
How do you define time?
How can we understand this mystery?
We can’t study its origin, because time is history
It surpasses any emotion, it last longer
It’s stronger than hate, love, envy and lust
We cut corners to get more of it,
But in the end it’s never enough
They say time is an illusion, which just adds to the
confusion
Is it real? Or is it just a man made concept?
An imaginary ideal that exists only in our mind
We’re searching for that piece of the puzzle that one day
mankind will find
After all, it’s only a matter of time...

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Poetry Corner

The Last Mistake
By Faith

So the words keep echoing in my ear,
And this is not a good way to start the year.
SO I keep saying this is the last time
Keep hiding this pain of mine.
But I’m sick of it. Its time to cut
It looks like you just ran out of luck.
And Thank goodness for ur daughter, she’s the main reason
Keeping me from sending you away for treason.
And all that keeps running threw my head is me being a drama queen,
But let’s set up this scene.
Two people supposly best friends,
Understanding, reliable , honest till the end.
But let’s cutt to the part when you standing over me,
Trying to get what you want, even with tears in my eyes , couldn’t you see.
You claim you weren’t drunk but I doubt that you like that when you sober
And to be honest I was just praying for it to be over.
Its a shame you say you care and that you wanna be with me and all this
But really its just what you needed to say, its simply bulls hit.
And I shouda gone with my gut and never went over
And I guess it take this last time cause now I’m stronger and older.
I hate that when I asked you, you asked me another question, beating round the bush,
Telling me not to be a drama queen, to stop it , to hush.
Couldn’t you see the tears in my eyes, listen with your heart,
If you were my friend, you’d realize I didn’t wanna give it up.
All the pushing and pulling,screaming and shoving,
All this bulls hit and lies, supposly love you were showing.
If this is how you show your love, I don’t want it ever,
Give you credit , your pretty clever.
But the bottom line is , no means no, I don’t care if you think I was giving mixed signals and playing games,
Damn, don’t you remember, all I’ve told you, bout everything, now ur just like him just the same.
Except he wasn’t my friend, he wasn’t you,
You meant so much more to me ,
And now I can’t even think of you without cringing.
I hate it, I hate the thought of everything you just threw out the window with this situation
I want to live my life, subtract you out the equation.
Wanna sit there tell me, you don’t fear nothing in life, but losing me your best friend,
Well I’m a make your wish come true, this is the end.
I don’t know how I let it get this far,
You left me with an unhealable emotional scar.
So I hope your happy mr let me show you , give you a chance, that’s what you wanted,
This is never it, now your name, I’m haunted.
So after all this nonsense,
I’m putting up my fences.
4 hours of you trying and getting what you wanted, yelling this is why we were never together.
You play to many games,
Well now your just like all the other ones, to list I have added your name.
You should be a shame.
I’m a shame.
And I can’t believe I let this get this bad,
And you scared me, the worst experience I’m yet to have.
I don’t care what you tell people, cause to you ima drama queen and play games,
But really am I all those things cause I didn’t wanna do you,damn.
But ima pick my self up, this is a lesson to be learned.
Got to close to flame. its me you burned.
So I hope your happy but this is the end,
Were nothing and that includes friend.
I never wish what you put me threw on anyone
And I’m officially done.
I don’t wish this on your daughter ,or the mother of your child,your sisters or mother,
I don’t wish this on any other.
well with that ima say ima be okay,time to let you go,
Lifes is funny and I get threw this I know.
It didn’t stop you in the first place ,
So ima wipe these tears off my face.
Time to let it go and move on, its just a terrible surprise, Gosh didn’t you see the tears in my eyes.
With that ima say goodbye.

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DEADLINES
APRIL
Monday, March 22, 2010
MAY
Thursday, April 22, 2010

The Outside View

Gallina del Cuidad: Volume 2

By Massawa Lawson

It's been five weeks since I took delivery of my beautiful pullets (young hens). They have grown some feathers since their arrival and are starting to resemble the mature adults hens they will become. Its become quite an entertainment watching them chase each other for a worm, a piece of fish or even a sliver of grapefruit. Supposedly, hens begin to lay as early as 20 weeks old so I'm 1/4 of the way there. A few of my little girls are showing some interesting behavior - with the odd wings out talons up face off. None of these exchanges have drawn blood so I'm not very concerned. Its amusing because they all grew up together but there are some inherent instincts they must act on. Who knows who will be a rooster for real and who is impersonating one or just confused at this point. The only sexing method that I can use with any accuracy is the color of the comb. If the comb is red, its a rooster. My little pullets' barely have a comb and, for the most part, all

of their combs are yellow (except for Goldie, my Golden Laced Wyandotte - they have red combs whether rooster or hen). I'm hoping that I get lucky and all of them turn out to be hens.

I'm often asked why. Why did I get chickens? Why would anyone in their right mind want chickens? That's crazy - why? I want to say so many things. I want to answer them with a swiftness reserved for the President's press conferences. I want to talk about the overpopulated factories where hens are crowded into cages that are stacked on top of each other skyscraper high, where a conveyor belt turns all night and all day collecting the eggs that fall from cages and roll down the chutes, where a hen spends a lifetime living a nightmare, never to run or to stare at the sky searching for hawks; her beak cauterized so she won't peck her cellmates. I want to tell everyone who asks me why I'm raising chickens if they knew the

chicken they cooked last night had lived for only 54 days and grew muscle so fast - if it lived any longer its heart would burst, its legs would ache under the weight until breaking; the chemistry lab labeled chicken they picked from the meat rack is pumped full of meds because that's the only way it could survive the lights always on, feed around the clock, no room to move, drink water from a tube life that it lived in its own poop for fifty four days before being thrown in a bin, a bit like trash or a rusty piece of tin, taken to be processed or recycled.

I want to say that a chicken is alive - a living being - not something you crush without any feeling. I want to give so many really good reasons but if I have to explain to a human being that all life is sacred and should be respected - if a person is asking me this question - there's really no answer. All I can say is, "yeah - it's so crazy."

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BCC Speaks

Why We Need Bilingual Education

By Sharon Chin

Bilingual education should be allowed in the public school system because the main focus should be the values of the best education a student can acquire. Many cultures would argue that the educational value of bilingual linguistics is irrelevant in the public school system because there are many languages, which come from many different places around the world. A student who does not receive a bilingual education will not be able to learn as quickly as they would in the comfort of their own language, will not be able to completely understand the educational material being given, and will be unable to complete assignments or exams to the best of their knowledge. As a result, the student may very well end up failing their courses and may end up being employed with a low pay grade, which is a strain on our economy. However, with the assistance of bilingual education, a student will give the student the opportunity to acquire skills in their language, interact with students with language barriers like themselves, and receive comfort in knowing they are not the only students

with language barriers. This is important because the student will be more likely to educate themselves properly because they are comfortable with their foreign language. Therefore, since education should be the top priority, bilingual education should be part of the public school system.

Right now, many students struggle with language barriers. Students struggle to understand what is being discussed because the sounds of words act as a barrier and alienate the English language from their native language due to accents and pronunciations. The learning process for foreign language students is more difficult to learn due to these barriers. A student who attends a school with little or no comprehension of English will struggle with understanding and communicating with an instructor, struggle with reading new words and hearing new sounds, give up on attending school, lack the educational experience and may never gain social experiences with another culture for fear of struggle. Hence, if the student is

educated in their native tongue, it will be easier for students to 'flow' through courses with more understanding of the material given, receive a complete understanding of course material and graduate. This will be a benefit to the educational value of a student.

Although many students may not struggle with understanding of English, it is more than fair to assume that a student receiving an education in their native tongue will be more likely to learn at a faster pace than another language. Thus, the educational value is unlimited and infinite.

To conclude, the importance of an education is such that without it a student may not gain all the valuable knowledge possible. Since education may come in the form of skills such as: educating yourself with socializing, real life experiences, and observation. The importance of educational value should be considered first. This will only contribute and benefit a students' comprehension of material which is the goal of education.

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Haiti Relief Fundraising Drive

The needs of Haiti are immense—and those needs will continue well into the future. Your contribution to the Bronx Community College Haiti Relief efforts will make a difference.

With your help, Bronx Community College hopes to raise \$20,000 for Haiti by the end of the spring 2010 semester. Eighty percent (80%) of the funds raised by BCC will go to the Bronx Chapter of the American Red Cross. The remaining 20% will go towards the creation of a scholarship fund for Haitian students at BCC.

Campus Locations for Making Donations:

CASH DONATIONS

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Call for evening hours: 718.289.5617

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Accepted by the BCC Foundation (See Charles Petz in Gould Memorial Library, room 14.) Monday through Friday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
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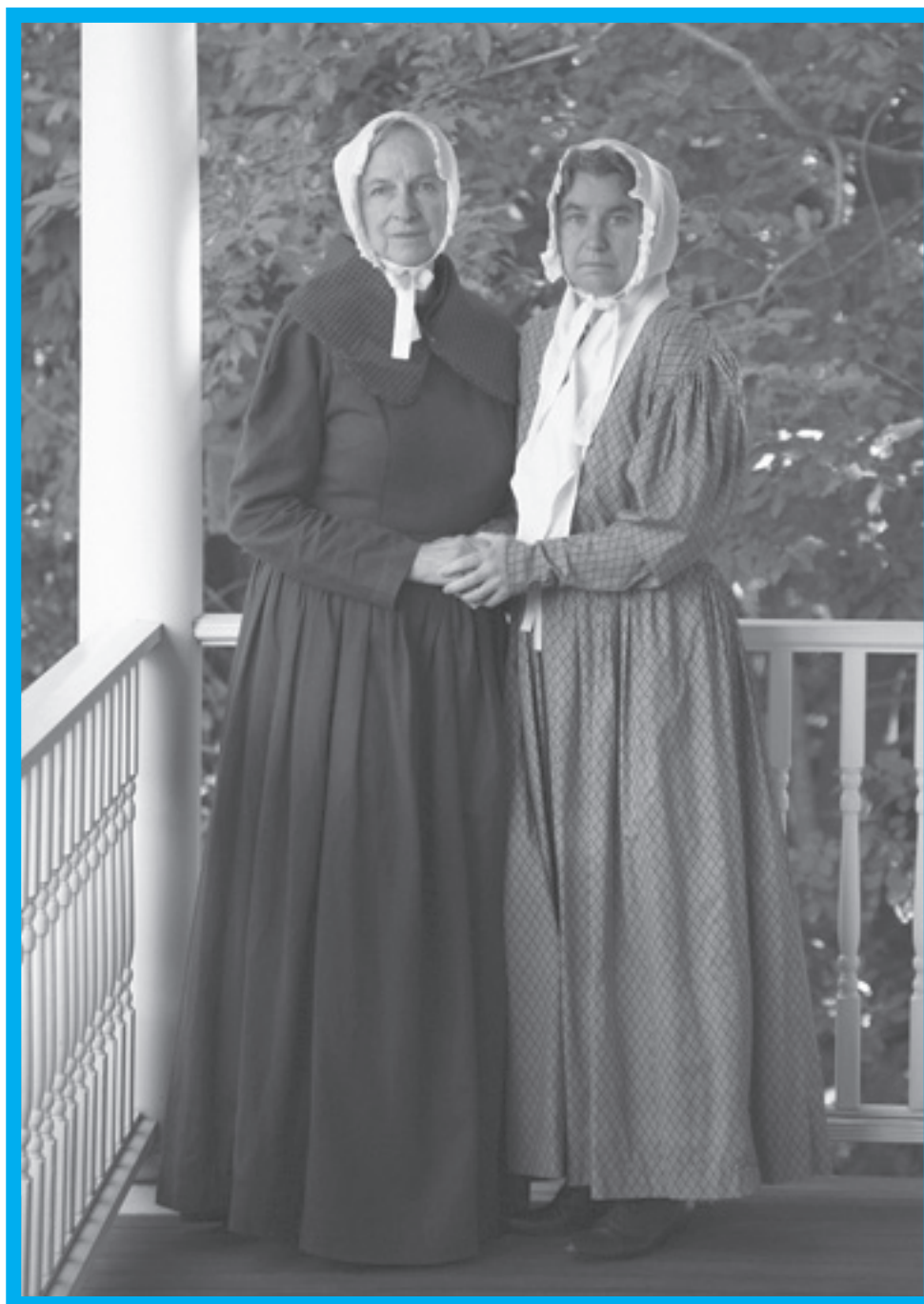
Credit card donations can be made in person to Charles Petz (Gould Memorial Library, room 14) Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; by phone to 718.289.3501; or on the web at www.nycharities.org/donate/c_donate.asp?CharityCode=1874.
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For additional information contact Manny Lopez in the Office of Student Life at 718.289.5962.



Celebrate the Women's Virtual Hall of Fame & Women's History Month

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OCD credit is available for this event.

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